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# Jack Winthrop of Old 15.

## A STORY

OF

SCHOOL-LIFE IN A NEW-YORK CITY  
PUBLIC SCHOOL.

BY

A. W. MOYNIHAN,

GRADUATE OF GRAMMAR SCHOOL No. 15.



NEW YORK:

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR,  
298 SEVENTH STREET.

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## PREFACE.

The scene of this story is the Old Fifth Street  
School. It is a truthful narrative, without any exag-  
geration, of the career of a former pupil from his  
entrance into the Primary to the day of his graduation  
in the Grammar Department.



## CHAPTER I.

It was a pleasant summer morning, nearly forty years ago, when a little rosy-cheeked maiden of tender years might have been seen making her way toward the old school-house, leading by the hand a little brother who was to enter school for the first time.

The little maiden guided her companion's footsteps from their home in the heart of the ship-yard district across Avenue D where the ungainly omnibusses plied their busy trade, and pointed out to him the old town pump on the corner, the old willow-tree which the fostering hand of Aaron Woodruff had preserved so long, and other objects of interest, until they arrived at the school-house door.

The school-house was not inappropriately styled the "Red Jail." By that name it was known not only to the scholars but to the entire neighborhood. It was a brick building, three stories high, with a triangular roof and painted a brilliant red. Above the third story was a garret in which a few audacious and obstreperous scholars often sought refuge, and from whence they poked fun and things more serious at their martinets below.

The outer doors of the school were of sheet-iron, and like the gates of a prison, awe-inspiring. The play-ground was paved with brick and on a level with the window-sills of the primary, and a wood-shed used as a depository for

the oak logs that served as fuel in the long winter days extended from one end of the school yard to the other. At the south end of the school yard was a rude wooden stair-way reaching from the third story of the school-house to the play ground and protected by a wooden fence through which jacknives had whittled holes for the respiratory and visual delectation of their owners.

Having reached the school, the little maiden opened the door into the primary department, and keeping a tight hold on her brother's hand, led the way to the principal's desk and introduced the young hopeful. The principal said a few kindly words, entered the boy's name and address in a large book, and assigned him a seat in the high gallery, placing him in care of Harriet Foggin, at that time considered one of the prettiest and most accomplished teachers in the city.

## CHAPTER II.

JACK WINTHROP, as the new scholar was known, was an object of interest to his new associates, and, being a new-comer, was subject to the penalties of that position, but eventually ingratiated himself with his fellow-scholars in the A, B, C class. Those who have been to school need hardly be told of this wonderful class, through which all have to pass ere they are deemed worthy of higher honors, and it would seem useless to picture to the average reader the great minds that are to be found in the A, B, C, notwithstanding the fact that all the great lights of Christendom have been at some period of their existence members of that fraternity. Our hero soon learned the meaning of the numeral beads, the letter blocks, and the mysteries of

the alphabet, and day by day improved, though continually getting into mischief, and causing the gentle-minded Harriet more vexation than the whole of the class put together. When asked to sit straight it was his misfortune to be unable to comply ; and his efforts to do right were rewarded by having his ears boxed, his name called out, and being compelled to stand up before the class and be submitted to other indignities that gall the proud spirit of the American school-boy, so that it is not to be wondered at that his teacher looked anxiously toward the day when her singular pupil might be promoted to another's care.

Let the reader picture to himself an urchin of some six years, blue eyes, ruddy cheeks, stout build, about four feet in hight, and a Websterian head, that nature had kindly provided as a storehouse for the knowledge that might one day find a dwelling-place therein, and he can imagine what our hero looked like at this period. He had a healthy look, was a well-fed, strapping youngster, fond of home, with no love for the schools, fond of fun, a hater of all rules, and possessing an extraordinary love for the romantic side of human nature. Though not a quarrelsome lad, nor fond of a fight, still it wouldn't do for every one of his classmates to knock a chip off his shoulder. If not the brightest among his schoolmates, he was at least not the dullest, and in all his career was never compelled to wear the fool's cap nor be pointed out as dunce.

He could hardly be ranked among the good boys who loved their books, and their teacher, for his actions gave the lie to such a thought. He had sprung from patriotic stock—from those who were by nature lovers of liberty. He would rather be out of school any time than in, and it puzzled his young mind to solve the nature of the crimes little boys and girls were guilty of that such precautions

were taken to keep them imprisoned in a school-house for six hours a day.

To the scholar who loves his books there is no sweeter sound than that of the school-bell in the morning. There is no companionship so agreeable as that of his school-mates, and no pleasanter place than the school-room. To our hero, however, the morning bell had no charm; and though the companionship of his school-mates was always agreeable, it was always pleasanter outside of the school-house. The school-room was not an attractive place, and no sound tolled sweeter on his ear than the one that told of the hour of dismissal. He looked upon the school-room as a dull place; there was not liberty enough, and the stern face of the teacher brought no joy to the heart of her discontented pupil. The reader will be inclined to conjecture that there was poor material in such a boy to make a scholar of. And a Congressman who explored the catacombs might say there was no poetry in the mechanism such as went to the make-up of that peculiar youth, and it could never be imagined that to such a mind would be given the power of harnessing the sunbeam. But, even Congressmen are not infallible.

Our hero, shut out from the pleasures of the world from nine o'clock in the morning until three in the afternoon, was discontented. He loved to sit beneath the old willow, beneath whose sheltering branches the heroes of the old Red Jail were wont to spend the golden hours of their existence. He viewed with admiration the old hose-cart of Poulitce Hose, and sighed for the day when he might be a man and give Bob Johnson's boys a lift. The hose-cart house was an ill-looking shanty that stood a few yards west of the school, but it was a palace in his eyes when compared to the school-house.

Notwithstanding all his peculiarities, our hero improved ; and when, having mastered the alphabet and being able to spell words of one syllable, examination-day came, he was deemed worthy of promotion, and was selected by Mary Purdy to lead the van into the big room, and was duly installed with honors of the highest third class. He had no sooner become a scholar in the big room than he began to feel his dignity, and he looked with contempt on the scholars in the A, B, C. He was in the highest third, and he meant that every one should know it ; and he shortly became such an important character that he was looked upon as having the best pair of fists in the school, and was soon matched to fight any fellow of his size.

### CHAPTER III.

#### THE PRIMARY.

ON one of the avenues leading to the old school-house lived a worthy man named John Watts. John was a good citizen, honest, and well disposed ; and in the days when he kept his little shop in Avenue D, the people were happy, prosperous, and contented. The great ship-yards were beehives of industry, and the mechanic was a power in the land. Every smithy's forge was a scene of activity, and the brawny sons of Vulcan wielded ponderous sledges all the day long. The foundries were filled with a class of artisans who had not their superiors on earth. People discussed the tariff and all political subjects with sense and moderation, and the Whig and the Democrat walked arm-in-arm to the polls and exercised the freeman's right, free and untrammelled. There was something like principle guiding the actions of the people,

and the admirers of Harry Clay and Old Hickory, and of the principles they represented, deposited their ballots as if it were a sacred duty, and there was not another spot in the universe that could vie with that territory that inclosed within its borders the old Red Jail. Those glorious times might well be called the palmy days of the republic.

John Watts had one son, to whom he gave the name of Archibald; and, with that good sense and clear-headedness so characteristic of the men of that day, the father, when his son was old enough, sent him to school in Old 15. When the hero of our story entered the large room of the primary, he was placed in charge of a monitor, whose duty it was to stand in the centre of a circle of scholars and teach them words of one or more syllables. Archie Watts was the monitor to whose charge he was assigned. Archie was more advanced in years and knowledge than those whom he instructed, and for this reason was selected for the position. He was a stout, well-built lad, with a good-natured face, and black, curling hair covering a head that even at that early day was stored with more than an ordinary share of intelligence. Besides our hero himself, Frank Wall, Sam Manning, Aleck Handy and a dozen other pupils, were among his class. Archie's task was not a pleasant one, for those who were assigned to his care had their thoughts fixed elsewhere than in the school-room. Wall especially was one of these; and, instead of paying attention to his instructor, delighted in boasting of his skill as a boxer and exponent of what even polite people sometimes speak of as the manly art of self-defense.

The large room of the primary was separated from the A, B, C by foldings-doors, which were never opened, save when Mary Purdy read the word of God at the morning hour, and thus opened the exercises of the day. Stationary



desks ran parallel to the walls on both sides of the school-room—those on the west for the girls, and those on the east for the boys. In the front row sat the scholars of the lower grade, immediately behind sat those more advanced, and behind these latter sat the highest class of all. On the north end of the room was the platform, from which the keen eye of the principal surveyed the scene. There were no class-rooms worth speaking of ; and during recitation the entire large room was taken up, and Archie Watts, with a pointer as an emblem of his position, might be seen any time during school hours performing the duties of monitor to the hopefuls who surrounded him.

Womanly influence tended to make the school a success, and the boys and girls of that era ripened into excellent scholars under the instruction of Sarah Keyes, Mary Sheppard, Harriett Foggin, Mary Little, and Margaret Murray, over all of whom the Gentle Mary Purdy wielded unlimited authority.

Though there were no instrumental musical attractions at school—for the sturdy common-sense school officials of that period had not yet thought of the necessity of pianos—still vocal music formed quite a prominent part of the daily exercises, and among the first melodies which our hero took delight in was a simple song like this :

A little bird one day in June  
 'Neath my window sang a tune ;  
 Sweet and simple was his song,  
 And repeated all day long—  
     Chip, chip, chip, chip, chip,  
     Chip, chip, chip, chip.

But again he went away ;  
 But he came another day,  
 And a little mate he brought,  
 And to her this song he taught—  
     Chip, chip, chip, chip, chip,  
     Chip, chip, chip, chip.

And such a warning refrain as—

By and by I am going to leave you,  
 By and by I am going to leave you,  
     Way down in the Caroline State,  
     Way down in the Caroline State.

As Winthrop become better acquainted with his associates he grew to be popular, and was allowed to play with the larger scholars, and soon became an adept in all the boyish games so popular among his school-mates. He learned to play "Hide-and-go-seek," "Catch one, catch all," "I spy the wolf," "Snap the whip," "Red Lion," and other games. He soon learned the mysteries of "Ball in the hole," "Ringer," "One old cat," and "Knuckle here, knuckle there, knuckle all over." He could play "Fungoes" before he knew the alphabet, and "Two on a base" found no mercy at his hands. He could trundle hoop, fly kite, and turn a summersault. "Hop scotch" he knew by heart, and could stand on his head longer than any boy in school. He could play at marbles, and make an opponent knuckle down tight and close. He would befriend the new scholar and the stranger against the aggressions of their elders. He would be on the side of the small boy in the fight. He was a peace maker, but when his good efforts went for naught, then he would stand by and see fair play. He would allow no striking down. A fair shake and a square deal he was an advocate of, and as far as lay in his power his ideas prevailed.

As time progressed Jack advanced in his studies, and was not long in reaching the fourth class, and, notwithstanding his enthusiastic love of play, and outdoor sports especially, he managed to keep up with the class, and began to learn his tables about the time he learned to play "Duck on a rock." Heretofore the school was not a pleasant

place to the somewhat peculiar school-boy. The teachers were kind, and seemed to look upon our hero as one to be relied on. It will not be rash to say, "that with all his faults they loved him still." What he did know he knew well; and, though not wishing to be considered a good scholar, still, whenever a contest arose where the honor of the school was at stake, he was always ready to do his share in upholding the dignity and fair fame of the old Red Jail. But there came, one day, a new teacher; and the very hour she entered the school-room might be said to be the turning-point in our hero's career.

## CHAPTER IV.

### THE GOOD TEACHER.

ANNIE WOOD was a maiden yet in her teens when she began her career as a teacher in the primary of Old 15. She was an amiable girl, just taken from school; and being worthy in every respect for promotion to higher honors, was selected to impart instruction to the youthful minds of the sons and daughters of the Dry Dock mechanics. But, notwithstanding her youth and lack of experience, it was before long demonstrated that her selection was a wise one.

The pages of history are illumined with the deeds of good women, and without the record of their deeds history itself would be a blank. The greatest minds in Christendom have borne witness to those good deeds, and the greatest conquerors have paid tribute to their virtues, and one of America's greatest orators gave voice to the expression that a good woman was not only the equal but

the superior of the angels themselves. Good women have been the guardian angels of mankind since the beginning of the world, and good women will so continue to the end.

There is no place more adapted for testing the qualities of a good woman than the school-room. Patience, determination, kindness and force of character are requisite acquirements to make a thorough teacher; and the task of a young girl entering school as a teacher is not to be envied, and they who choose that calling as a means of livelihood should not be treated unjustly nor have indignities thrust upon them, as if they were but slaves, and the power, no matter from whence it comes, that seeks to humiliate, or to ill repay them for their labor, is a power that should be swept away and crushed beneath the iron heel of public opinion. The outside world, as a general thing, gives too little attention to what transpires within school walls, and know little what anxiety and wear and tear of mind and body is the penalty that follows in the path of the school teacher, who often, with harsh superiors and fault-finders on every side, is borne down with the weight of care; and it is not to be wondered at that an early grave has been the fate of many an earthly angel who started out on her career as a teacher with bright hopes for the future.

From the very hour that Annie Wood entered upon her duties as an instructor she became a general favorite with the young minds over whom she was about to assume control. She had a gentle, winning way, that made her soon beloved, and a manner that if young school teachers might only adopt they might possess the grand secret that goes so far in making a successful teacher.

The hitherto discontented pupil became gradually reconciled to his duties as a scholar, and ere the new teacher had been many days in the school, a wondrous change was observable in his conduct. He became more attached to the school, for he found a friend at last in the angel in woman's form that had lately become his custodian and his guide. It seemed to be her aim to make the pathway of the scholar smooth and pleasant ; and, under her guidance, Jack Winthrop progressed rapidly. The school-room became a pleasant place and study an amusement. He improved daily, and ere long stood at the head of the column. He mastered the multiplication table far ahead of the higher scholars, and his voice could be heard above all others reciting the well-known table which begins with "twice one are two," and ended with "twelve times twelve are one hundred and forty-four." One pleasant spring morning as Annie Wood stood in the centre of the school-room, drilling the scholars in discipline and tables, the clarion voice of our hero was heard above all others in the recitation. Noticing his ability and restoring order to such an extent as that one could hear a pin drop, she called aloud his name, and after complimenting him on his proficiency, informed him that he might come to the platform at recess and receive a note for good behavior and a vacation for the remainder of the day. When the time came, however, Jack was too bashful to face the teachers on the platform, and so lost his vacation. When the venerable Seton visited the school, the teachers of the different classes were summoned and instructed to single out their best scholar for a trial of scholarly ability. Each selected her favorite, and, as there were several teachers in the primary, there was no little pride felt in the result of the contest. There were some scholars who on occasions of this kind were always

selected, and this case was no exception to the rule. To the astonishment, if not to say dismay, of all the school, the gentle voice of Annie Wood was heard calling out the name of our hero to take his place on the line. His uncouth appearance, careless manner of dress, and other peculiarities made the contrast between him and his competitors marked in the extreme. In the contest was one scholar from each class, and each scholar was known by the name of his teacher as her boy. Young as they were, they realized the importance of the struggle. Each had his favorite teacher, each teacher her favorite scholar. As our hero left his seat Annie Wood placed her hand upon his brow and brushing back his hair, with words of encouragement led him to his place in the line which faced Mr. Seton. "This is my boy," said she, as she notified Mary Purdy of her selection. Our hero took his place and the struggle began, and the contest had not far advanced when it seemed as if it was not scholar against scholar, but Annie Wood's boy against the whole school. The battle went on, and teacher and scholar viewed the struggle with interest. One by one the discomfited rivals dropped out, and the son of a ship-yard man was the only one left to face the grave and dignified Seton. Miss Wood's favorite was the winner of the contest. He was complimented by the examiner and by the principal, and walked back to his seat a conqueror. The victory was won. Annie Wood was the proudest teacher in the school, and her favorite scholar was the lion of the hour.

Henceforth Winthrop became a noted character in the school. He had won his laurels fairly, and better than all pleased his teacher. For that teacher he would have braved any danger, would face the smartest scholar anywhere, and was ready to do or die in her defense.

Though a change for the better had taken place in his deportment, still his love of mischief generally brought him into trouble. For some breach of discipline he was one day bound to one of the pillars that stood in the centre of the school-room. This young lover of liberty looked upon his cords as the martyr of old looked upon his chains. They were emblems of dishonor, and being compelled to stand tied to the post and submit to the jeers of his school-mates galled his proud spirit. Annie Wood was engaged in one of the class-rooms while all this was transpiring. When the recitation hour was up, she came from the class-room, when the first object that met her gaze was Jack, manacled and deprived of his liberty. The jeers and laughter of teachers and scholars brought no cheer to the heart of the kind teacher. She pleaded for his release; her favorite scholar was freed from bondage, and the cords that bound him unloosed by the hands of Annie Wood herself. How could such kind deeds be forgotten or the memory of such a woman as that grow cold in the heart of boy or man? But all teachers are not like Annie Wood, though some of the noblest women that ever breathed can always be found among the teachers in our schools.

The true woman is found at home, in the school-room or in the hospital, and guiding the ignorant or unfortunate. The heroines whose deeds are recorded though they themselves be forgotten, are among the true women spoken of as God's noblest creations. Providence guides all things with an unerring eye, and it was His hand that sent at this period Annie Wood to the scholars of Old 15.

## CHAPTER V.

## LAST DAYS IN THE PRIMARY.

OUR hero had mastered all the rudiments of education required in the lower classes, and in time was advanced to the higher grades. While reciting a lesson he had long since learned by heart, he was taken from the care of Archie Watts and placed among the more advanced scholars in the fifth class. There he made a marked impression, and in a short time surpassed the expectations of his teachers, and none more than Annie Wood herself.

As it is customary in all schools to give premiums for good conduct and scholarly ability, so it was in Old 15, and these honors were eagerly sought for. Among them was the privilege of wearing the silver medal, on which was engraved an appropriate motto. This could be contested for only by the pupils of the fifth class, as it was then called, and often was the struggle animated and interesting. It was a struggle between boys and girls, for both sexes were members of the same class, and one teacher guided all. The medal was given weekly, and the winner was entitled to wear it around his or her neck, suspended by a pretty pink ribbon, and no higher honor could be obtained in the school, and no scholar more honored than the wearer of the medal.

Among the scholars attached to the old "fifth" was Mary Brown, and between herself and our hero a rivalry existed. He time and again was sure of his prize, but just as the medal would be in his grasp, it would be wrested from him by cruel Mary Brown. Mary was the best scholar in the class, a blue-eyed, rosy-cheeked little maiden, and a



general favorite with teachers and scholars — with one exception, perhaps, and that exception none other than our hero himself. No matter how faithfully he strove or how ardently he sought the honor of wearing the precious gem, he was never able to surpass his girlish school-mate; and during his career in that old primary class he was never able to accomplish the object of his heart, and consequently never wore the medal.

Winthrop had reached the highest class in the primary, and the hour was fast approaching when he should leave the old familiar place forever. There were many ties that bound him to the old school-room, the familiar faces of the teachers and his old school-mates, the old bell that pealed at the morning hour, the keys that opened the school-doors in the morning and closed them at eve, and which he daily carried to John Young's shoe store in Avenue D, ere that good man was called from the scene of his earthly labors. Janitors there were none, and many a hero of the Old Red Jail sometime in his career performed some of the services in those days that now fall to the lot of a janitor. There were many reminiscences recalled to his memory that made his young heart sad as he gazed for the last time on the old familiar walls of the Alma Mater.

But there was one thing more than any other that led him to regret his departure from the primary. This was being separated from little Jim. This amiable little fellow was the son of a widow living near, his father having lost his life while pursuing his vocation among the ship-yards. There was not a brighter boy in the school than little Jim, and, as he sat on the top seat of the gallery, he was a picture of health and beauty. He was a blue-eyed, pleasant-faced little fellow, with golden curls that hung down over his shoulders, and his dress was the pink of

neatness. He was the poor woman's only child, and she doted on him, and no one could blame her for it. Jimmy's father was a ship-yard man, and this fact alone was sufficient to win the heart of our hero, as he considered that being the son of a ship-yard man was an honor to be prouder of than being the son of a king.

Jack, on his way to school one summer morning, halted at the cottage wherein the mother of little Jim resided. At the doorstep stood mother and son, and as our hero passed, a womanly voice whispered and inquired if he would be pleased to take Jim to school and have his name entered on the roll. Jack could not resist the appeal coming from such a source, and, after accepting the responsibility, he took the little fellow by the hand and led him to school.

From that day forward the two were inseparable. Little Jim was proud of his friend, and Jack grew every day fonder of the little fellow by his side. He called for him every morning and waited to bring him home at the close of the day. He looked after his welfare, and protected him from the attacks of the older pupils, and the little scholar improved daily. And so it continued until the time approached when the day of parting came, and the old fifth class was to leave the primary forever.

Our hero had passed McKean's examination and was deemed worthy to enter the grammar department, and the day approached for his promotion. He had progressed rapidly, and stood at the head of the class, and naught remained but the word of Mary Purdy to separate him from his old associates.

The approaching promotion brought no joy to the heart of little Jim. Heretofore he could see his benefactor daily, and pour the story of his troubles into his ear. He was a mild-mannered little fellow, and if Jim felt he was

in trouble he knew he had at hand a friend to right his wrongs, and one who would make no hesitation in so righting them.

Before our hero went up-stairs he repaired to the A, B, C, to see little Jim. To his utmost surprise he found the little fellow crying as if his heart would break. At a loss to ascertain the cause of this strange conduct, he took his seat beside him and inquired the cause of this unlooked-for outburst. Throwing his little arms around his neck, the little fellow told him all. Jack had a soft place in his heart also; but he subdued his feelings, and, after pacifying his little friend, he said:

“You must not cry, Jim; I am not going far away. Be a good boy, and get promoted; and then you’ll be walking home wearing the medal around your neck, with a nice pink ribbon, and how proud you’ll be! One of these days you will be a good scholar and can come up-stairs, too. We won’t be parted then. I will call for you every morning and show you my new books, and you can help me carry them, and people will say, ‘Just see what a bright little fellow that is,’ as we go walking by. And then after school you can have my books and look at the pictures, and tell your mamma how some day you will be big, too, and have books and pictures to look at. Won’t that be nice? And then you will see me every hour, and how proud I’ll be when somebody will come and say, ‘Little Jim is promoted!’”

These words calmed Jim, both took a stroll through the school-yard, and our hero left his care at the area, where, taking his little soft hand in his own, he bade him good-by.

But the hour came at last, and our hero turned his face to the door that led to the stairs leading to the grammar

department. He gazed once more at the gallery in the A, B, C, and the childish faces there, and they recalled old memories. Among them little Jim in his blue jacket and white trousers, the prettiest boy in the whole school. He saw the old desks and the long rows of wooden benches whereon he had sat so long; the barred windows that in younger days had been an object of horror, and through which he peeped at Hiram Crum as that somewhat eccentric scholar kept the school-room in a roar by his good-humored antics; and, all being in readiness, he opened wide the door and quitted the primary school forever.

## CHAPTER VI.

### UP-STAIRS.

STRANGE seemed the surroundings to the sensitive heart of Jack Winthrop as he gazed for the first time on his new quarters. Great windows extended from floor to ceiling, and while giving light and air to the school-room, afforded a view of the two school-yards, in one of which the best blood of Manhattan Island played their boyish games, and in the other the young daughters of the republic merrily skipped the rope and indulged in other innocent pastimes.

On a high platform sat a noble-looking man from behind whose gold-rimmed spectacles a pair of piercing eyes beamed upon the new scholars. Before him lay the Good Book, and on an arch above his head could be plainly read the inscription,

“GOD KNOWS ALL OUR THOUGHTS, WORDS, AND ACTIONS.”

These simple words of solemn meaning attracted the attention of the new scholars and impressed upon their

young minds the great truth that far above all the school-masters of the earth stood the Great Teacher of the Universe.

In close proximity to a large bell with which Peter Clothespins rallied the pupils in the school-yard, and which in ancient times might have heralded the approach of the scissors-grinder or the ash-carts of Gotham, lay an unpretentious rod, which in its time had performed good service as a friend of order; and its presence left no doubt that the Solomonic doctrine of "Spare the rod and spoil the child" had a warm advocate in the great man who stood before them. Whatever failings that school-master possessed, inability to handle the rod was not one of them. In the most approved fashion he would take one of the possible Presidents of the United States across his ample knee, and while the culprit's eyes were directed to the floor he would ply the rod with such vigor as to make the dust fairly fly from their trousers while their voices filled the air. The first object to attract their attention after each ceremony was the words: "Pity the Unfortunate," written above one of the windows, and perhaps afforded them some consolation.

Jack and his companions were enrolled in the sixth class, on entering which they were received with all due honor. But hardly had the master's coat-tails disappeared from the class-room when one of the new-comers, whose complexion was some shades darker than the Caucasian, was greeted with subdued cries of "Hustle him out!" astonishing the teacher and revealing to the primary lads the knowledge of theatricals possessed by their new classmates, and obtained by a regular attendance at the "Chat-ham" and "Old Bowery," and handed down by their illustrious predecessors whose leisure moments were de-

voted to the laudable pastime of grubbing checks for the Mount Pitt Circus.

Mount Pitt! What memories cluster around that famous spot from whence the good wives gathered at Rivington street pump with their neat brass-hooped pails of well-seasoned cedar, and lingered to gossip over affairs of the day and the business of their neighbors while they waited their turns to fill their buckets and bear them away to their homes upon the Hill.

## CHAPTER VII.

As time progressed, Jack Winthrop improved. He mastered the numeration table and kindred subjects with such rapidity as to cause him to be looked upon as a prodigy by his class-mates.

And still they gazed, and still the wonder grew  
That one small head could carry all he knew.

In geography he fairly astonished his teacher. High above all other voices his could be heard when the class recited in unison, "Baffin's bay, Smith's sound, Behring strait."

The mysteries of addition he grasped almost without effort, and he did not contract his brow over "Ten and one are eleven. Put down one and carry one."

Subtraction did not trouble him in the least from the moment that he was told that to avoid running behind he must borrow when necessary, but must remember the fact. The system of borrowing thus inculcated in his youthful mind he was not slow to see was widely different from the system in vogue in the outside world, for, while the

borrowing of the class-room was supposed to render the memory retentive, the system of borrowing in the world outside undoubtedly weakened it.

In the various other studies he advanced so rapidly that, to the consternation of his fellow pupils, and in an incredibly short space of time, he reached the head of the class.

Order, of course, was the first law of school, as it is the first law of Heaven, but it was the last law that the hopefuls who surrounded Jack Winthrop thought of obeying. Jack himself soon learned to disobey this great law, and a result of this was a box on the ear or some other efficacious reminder of the validity of this law.

These boxes on the ear became so common that the rebellious spirit in Jack was awakened, and he at last concluded to submit to such treatment no longer. The idea of resisting was speedily communicated to his class-mates and received their enthusiastic encouragement. So the next time his ears were warned he politely informed the teacher that that sort of thing had gone far enough, and that she had better not try it again; whereupon his class-mates encouraged him with such cries as, "Don't let her hit yer agin!" "Up with a slate!" Meanwhile big angry tears rolled down his cheeks and he ejaculated between his sobs, "Dasn't hit a feller yer size!" and other expressions of injured pride, much to the astonishment of the teacher.

As might be expected, the class was soon in an uproar, in the midst of which the master's rod appeared at the door, followed by the good man himself, spectacles and all, and the culprit was immediately pointed out and received his baptism of fire.

He was fast becoming initiated into the mysteries of the grammar school, and, in modern vernacular, was gradually getting the hang of things. Whether in the right or wrong, Jack was sure to be punished, and, aware that appeals for mercy would not have the slightest effect, he submitted with seemingly heroic indifference. But his teacher soon became convinced that harsh treatment of a pupil is not always the best remedy, and she tried words of kindness, which, strange as it may seem, wrought such a change in her pupil that when examination day came it found him ready for promotion. In parting from her she gave him many little tokens of regard and words of advice. Consequently, her image never faded from his memory; and he spoke of her goodness in after years when her work was done and she was laid at rest near where Montgomery poured out his life's blood in the cause of liberty, and where Wolfe and Montcalm sleep the sleep of heroes.

## CHAPTER VIII.

### THE SEVENTH CLASS.

HIS entry into the seventh class delighted those of the class who were the foes of order, and he was received by them so cordially that the new teacher suspected immediately that his burden in life was to be perceptibly augmented.

Jack Winthrop was not long in making himself at home among the congenial spirits in the seventh. For a time his conduct in the class-room was exemplary, and he made good progress in his studies. Still, no one hailed with



greater pleasure the advent of recess, nor entered into the games more enthusiastically. He had at his tongue's end

Ana, mana, mona, mike,  
Barcelona, bona strike,  
Care, ware, from frack,  
Hallico, ballico, we woe, wack,

and

Ana, mana, dickery dick,  
Delia, dolia, dominick,  
Hicha, picha, dominicha,  
Hon, pon, tusk,

and all the other rhymes and jingles which have become as familiar to the American school-boy as household words.

Though not a vicious lad, Jack was seldom out of trouble, and soon came to be looked upon as the ring-leader in every mischief. Then he began to lose interest in his studies and to devote the time that should have been given to the rudiments of fractions to the more pleasant occupation of committing to memory the songs of the period. His favorite was the one which had as its chorus—

The bob-tail nag he can't be beat,  
Do da, do da ;  
The bob-tail nag he can't be beat,  
Do da, do da, Day.  
Bound to run all night,  
Bound to run all day :  
We will bet our swag on the bob-tail nag  
And somebody bet on the bay.

and this chorus, when repeated in the school-yard, worried the soul of poor Clothespins and drove him almost to distraction.

Minstrelsy, which was thought to have passed away with the age of chivalry, had just been revived, and the scholars in Old 15 were not slow in giving it a hearty support. Winthrop proved himself a worthy scion of the new minstrelsy, and was at his best in

Turn about and wheel about  
And do just so,  
And every time you wheel about  
You jump Jim Crow,

and other popular refrains, in which George Christy, Eph. Horn, Little Mac, Dan Bryant, Charley White, and other shining lights of the fraternity won imperishable renown.

## CHAPTER IX.

### THE BULLY OF THE SCHOOL.

WHILE in the seventh class, Winthrop met the individual who won his admiration. He was known as the Chicken, and from his supposed prowess was dreaded by the more timid of his school-mates. He was a presumptuous lad, and for a long period held undisputed sway over his classmates, who believed him invincible until a Moses arose who was to lead them out of the wilderness and bring the empty boastings of this pompous individual to an end.

Fights after school were no novelty, and when the Chicken could find no one to fight himself, he seconded some other aspirant for pugilistic fame. While thus engaged, he came in contact with Jack, who was acting in a similar capacity. The saucy manner of the Chicken precipitated a fight between the two, and the late principals were forced aside, leaving Winthrop and the Chicken face to face.

## THE FIGHT.

A ring was formed under the wood-shed in the school-yard, and the Chicken, who looked with contempt upon his antagonist, was the first to begin. He was a stout lad, possessed of some science, while Winthrop, who was considered a fair hand in a "rough and tumble," was in scientific pugilism as yet a novice. He had for his second, however, the young Deacon, who, in his knowledge of fistic science, had no superior in the school.

He was the only son of a wise old deacon, who, in his prime, was considered a worthy exponent of the manly art; and his mantle fell in no unworthy place when it descended to the shoulders of his son.

The Chicken was taller than his opponent, and began operations by leading with his left on Winthrop's jaw. This maddened Jack, who rushed in, and they clinched, and in the end the Chicken was down.

Jack now forced the fighting, and ere the Chicken had time to recover he had him in chancery, pummeling him well amid shouts of "Punch him under," "Now you've got him," and other words of encouragement, which only tended to make the principals more excited than ever. Science was forgotten and they again clinched, and after a bitter struggle the brave Chicken fell all in a heap amid cries of "Let him up," "No hittin's down," "Fair play," while the adherents of each contestant crowded about him with wild cheers of encouragement.

Jack came to the scratch smiling, the Chicken all befogged. As the latter stood before him, Jack rushed at him and they closed. At this, one of the Chicken's adherents endeavored to strike Jack when the Deacon sent him to earth by a left-hander under the chin, which landed him head first in the area.

The fight now promised to become general among the noisy partisans on both sides, but this was happily prevented by the Chicken crying "Enough," and Jack was hailed the winner just as the broad-brimmed hat of Old Four Eyes the M. P. appeared around the corner, ready to pounce upon the young law-breakers.

Next day at school Jack received an ovation. He was the lion of the hour, and neither Washington at Yorktown nor Grant at Appomattox felt prouder than he. The vanquished Chicken was never seen in the vicinity thereafter, and there was no longer any bully of the school.

## CHAPTER X.

IF in a multitude of counselors there is wisdom, then Jack Winthrop was exceedingly fortunate, for before he got through the seventh class he had five different preceptors to instruct him.

Among them was Housemore whose display of filial affection endeared him in the affections of his scholars. His favorite theme was "The dying father's advice to his children," during the reading of which a pin-drop could be heard in the class-room, and which was never concluded until tears bedimmed the eyes of the kind-hearted instructor and many of his pupils.

His successor was stern and unsympathetic and a mutual dislike sprang up immediately between him and the scholars—yes, war was declared from the first moment of their acquaintance. Under his tutorage Jack made little progress, and the rod was kept almost daily in practice. In all his actions the teacher was guided by strange ideas of discipline, and was so deaf to the appeals of justice

from the scholar that the latter ceased to look upon him with respect.

But Jack Winthrop never told tales out of school, and, seeing no hope for redress, he bore his wrongs patiently until even patience ceased to be a virtue. Tired of his harsh treatment and hopeless of any improvement in his condition, he turned away from his tormentor, and, laying his books aside, became a truant from the school. The school-bell had lost its charm for the discontented scholar, and day after day he absented himself from his studies. Mistaken ideas of liberty, perhaps, might have brought about this curious state of things; but a sense of injustice to which he felt himself daily subjected seemed to leave him no other alternative. Down deep in his heart was stored the memories of the wrongs he was subjected to. Why he remained away from school was a secret which not even the appeals of his mother could wrest from him. That good soul doted on her boy—and what mother does not? She was old, but he was young and the future was all a blank to him. She knew the world, but he knew little of it, and his experience showed it had a dark side as well as a bright one. With words of advice and affection she walked beside him daily until they neared the school-house, and with a kiss on his cheek she bade him be of good cheer and impressed him that there was one soul in this world at least the sincerity of whose friendship could not be doubted.

Who knew but that some day he might grow into manhood and support on his broad shoulders the tottering form of his mother, when wrinkles wreathed her brow and her form was bent with age. Do not such things come to pass? Yes. They are happening daily and exemplifying in an unmistakable manner the heavenly affection that

exists between a mother and her son. The proudest man on earth is he who can say he was a good son to his mother.

## CHAPTER XI.

JACK spent his truant days in the ship-yards, watching America's great mechanics constructing the instruments of navigation which were winning them fame and honor and gave their country a foremost place among civilized nations. He knew the name of every vessel and the rallying cry of the planking gang. "Give us a carry" and "Raise up and carry to" soon became familiar to his ear. He stood by the saw-pits where "men of iron" drove their seven-foot saws through some of the noblest kings of the forest, ere the advent of the steam saw-mill sent them from their old stamping ground and changed their lot of happy contentment to that of sorrow and despair. He stood by the smithy's forge where the skilled workers in iron and steel labored at their forges, ere the proud boast "He that hath a trade hath an estate" had become a mockery, a delusion and a snare.

Those bread-winners supported the public schools with money earned from the sweat of their brows so that their children might obtain the benefits of education and grow to be good citizens and honored members of society.

After days, weeks, and even months, truant life became monotonous. Our hero grew wearied of seeing the diligent scholars hastening to school in the mornings, and with a heroic determination to make the best of his condition he turned his steps toward the school-house once more.

His long absence caused him to be looked upon as a prodigal, and his old school-fellows received him with open

arms. His late instructor, during Winthrop's absence, had sought other fields of usefulness, and Jack found himself once more at his desk in the seventh class.

Far different from his predecessors was the new teacher who now presided over the seventh, and the boyish faults of those intrusted to his care seemed to endear them to him more and more, and a warm attachment sprang up between them. The cloudy days of Jack's school-life were gradually fading from his memory, and in a remarkably short space of time and to the astonishment of his classmates, he stood at the head of the seventh class.

## CHAPTER XII.

### VACATION.

THE glorious summer days again had come, and Jack Winthrop was once more free from the restraints of the school-room. With a light heart he bounded out, for he was no longer a truant boy, and he determined to make the most of his vacation.

He studied navigation in the Green Pond, where the school-boys sailed their little boats in summer and skated in winter and lingered on Aunt Brindle's corner to watch Shorty send Mackrell and Simpson's blooded stock along with "Hi, glang there!" and wait for a chance to "cut behind," regardless of the snapping of Shorty's whip and the vile oaths that fell from his lips. He loved to rise with the lark and greet the little chimney sweep as he came along, or go mongling for gooler in Skinny Beetles when the chariots of Hoe & Co. arrived from Mount Pitt. He loved to ride on the Big Wheel and rush to get over the

high fence when he saw old Skinny coming. He patronized the slips at Smith & Dimon's, and could swim out over his head, or touch bottom, fetch up a clam shell, and go overhand with any one of his years. He experienced the miseries of "Chaw roast beef" and of being "Sounded" by the habitues of the docks, proficiency in which paved the way for more daring and ignoble deeds which landed many of them within the walls of a penitentiary.

He visited the Old Market on Saturday nights, to watch the busy scenes there; the mechanics' wives with their well-filled baskets thronging every thoroughfare, and dusky maidens singing, "Here's yer nice hot corn, smoking hot!" or the wandering peddler shouting, "Oysters, two shillin' a quart!" upon the midnight air.

He found pleasure pitching quoits in the saw-pit, and putting on the gloves with some of the young pugilists of that day.

He watched old Turk turning out to a six-bell fire with the best blood of Manhattan Island on her rope ready for a brush with "Black Joke," or anything else that came along. All day he tended the pitch-pot for Pop Wilmot, and knocked off when old Daddy Glazer came to his night-watch on the "Georgia," and whiled away the leisure hours playing "Pull a peg" on Aunt Betsy's cellar door, or kicking foot-ball in the lots behind the radish gardens.

He could play "Shinny" and knew every inch of ground from Dandy Point to Sandy Gibson's; and won immortality by jumping from the yard-arm of the *Cherokee*, and diving from the paddle-box of the *Black Warrior*.

He knew the old lime-kiln in Avenue D and Aunty Chamber's cook shop next door to the lime-yard, where his school-mates would invest all their worldly capital for



a half pie and a glass of milk. He rowed to the old Powder House on Sunday morning to swim on the beach below, and watch the fisherman there. He found his way to "Little Woods," and explored Gibbet's Island, dug black mussels in Newtown Creek, and went bobbing for eels with Captain Jim, who concluded his daily task by splicing the main-brace over the bar at the Black Horse Tavern.

### CHAPTER XIII.

#### THE EIGHTH CLASS.

At the close of vacation Jack returned to school, and was shortly after promoted to the junior eighth, where he first met that famous pedagogue, "Old Homespun," a remarkable and somewhat eccentric individual who, through some mysterious dispensation of Providence, found his way into Old 15. It would be no easy task to undertake to properly describe this illustrious man. He was a long, lean specimen of the old-country school-master, with a hatchet face, and hands and feet that seemed entirely out of place in a school-room.

He had inherited a weakness for snuff, and Nature, as if to encourage him in the habit, had provided him with a nasal appendage sufficiently large to stand any amount of wear and tear. His eye was as keen as an eagle's, and he was not easily fooled. His rather small head was a study for phrenologists, but it was the greatest and brainiest head that had yet been seen within the walls of Old 15. A strict disciplinarian, he was at heart the kindest of men, and no school-boy ever met a truer friend. His class was

not composed of angels; still, under his management, they never degenerated into demons, and he neither asked nor desired the assistance or interference of the Higher Authorities in maintaining order. Many practical jokes were played upon him, but the perpetrators invariably came off second best.

Being detained from school by a long illness, he was surprised on his return to his desk, to find there a handsome silver snuff-box with his name neatly engraved thereon.

Had this singular man been presented with a fortune, he could not have shown more appreciation of the kindness of his pupils. His class was the most popular in the school, and that was owing in no small measure to the fact that he treated all his pupils alike, making no distinction between the capitalist's son and the child of the mechanic, nor between the clever and the stupid.

His mathematical knowledge was marvelous, and he had a faculty of imparting his knowledge to his pupils that was truly wonderful; and he carried his class through fractions and higher branches with a rapidity that fairly astonished his fellow-teachers and made the entire school look up to him with admiration.

Under "Old Homespun" Jack progressed rapidly until he was numbered among the brightest pupils in the school.

Among the popular ballads of the days when "Old Homespun" flourished in Old 15, was one beginning with—

Wild roved an Indian girl,  
Bright Alfarata,  
Where sweep the waters of  
The blue Juniata.

Nothing brought such cheer to the heart of "Old Homespun" as this song, as it brought to his mind recol-

lection of his Pennsylvania mountain home; and his pupils were well aware of this fact, and when the school was assembled in the main room his class was given the right of the line. From this quarter their voices could be distinguished above the others, and they made the rafters of the old building ring with the chorus.

In the wild charges at Fredericksburg, at Lookout Mountain, at Chancellorsville, and around the camp-fires of the Army of the Potomac, the voices of the pupils of "Old Homespun" were heard—even when gloom hung over the army in the dark hours of the Rebellion.

It was a mild summer day, when Singer Smith was in his glory, and the school was singing that part of the old ballad which ran—

Gay was the mountain song  
Of bright Alfarata,  
Gayly she moves along  
The blue Juniata.

when an alarm of fire startled the school. The pupils were speedily dismissed, and Winthrop and his companions rushed to the market square to bring "Old Turk" to the fire. Her members were at work in the ship-yards, and the boys from Old 15 took their places on the drag-rope and brought her to the scene of the conflagration, and defied the best efforts of a rival company to pass her. At the fire the pupils manned the brakes, but the rivals of "Old Turk," baffled in their attempts to pass her, on the way to the fire, now attempted to "wash her." The pupils were on the point of being beaten when "Old Turk's" "Mocking Bird," with some men from the saw-pits, appeared upon the scene. The "Mocking Bird" warbled a favorite air, his companions manned the brakes, and "Old Turk" jumped from the pavement, and her rivals retired discomfited from the scene.

It was a sad day when "Old Homespun" turned his back to Old 15. His singular honesty of purpose, his upright character, and love of justice had endeared him to all, and all felt that in losing him they had lost the best of friends.

## CHAPTER XIV.

### AUNT BETSY'S SHANTY.

OPPOSITE the old school-house stood a droll-looking, dilapidated structure known far and wide as Aunt Betsy's Shanty. In the summer its exterior was hidden almost from sight by the foliage of the old willow; but when summer departed, it gradually emerged from its obscurity until it stood face to face with the world, alone and unprotected. Sometimes it seemed as if it must give way to the fierce onslaughts of winter; but no, it bravely held its ground until again the willow came to its assistance and threw about it its loving arms.

Aunt Betsy, the good soul who presided over its destinies, was a quiet, peaceful little woman whom Heaven had blessed with a character so sweet that it might well be said:

"None knew her but to love her."

Of Betty's early life but little was known, but that she was bred in a more refined and far different sphere than her present surroundings indicated, was manifest.

But whatever the secret, it was well kept. Often her eyes were tearful, but no one dared intrude upon the cause of her sorrow. Old Betty was the schoolboys' idol, and the shelves in her little store, filled with tops, marbles,

wooden horses and other luxuries, made it the school-children's paradise.

From far and near they came to patronize Aunt Betsy. She had a *kind* word for all and a pleasant smile that won for her the love of the entire neighborhood.

When school was dismissed and the scholars sought their homes, the dear old creature would sit in her old wooden rocker at the doorstep and ply her needle until sunset, often in the cause of some needy orphan who had learned too early the loss of a mother's love. Here Uncle Toby halted to chat with the old woman, and old Beadle rested after a warm chase of the chip gatherers, and that mysterious man, the "lime kiln man," halted to rest briefly in his endless meanderings.

Betty would defend the schoolboys against all attacks, and when occasion required would speak plainly. Old Four eyes, the M. P., knew this and he had good reason. Four Eyes was quite a noted character in his way. He was a member of the "Leatherheads" and other guardians of the peace, and his uniform consisted of a broad-brimmed hat and white cravat, which gave him the appearance of an eminent divine. A big brass star adorned his breast, and his neat set of teeth were plainly visible a block away.

Many rhymes were composed in his honor, one of which read thus :

Down on Avenue D,  
There you'll plainly see,  
With a white cravat and stovepipe hat,  
Old "Four Eyes," the M. P.

His conduct toward the schoolboys lost him the friendship of Aunt Betsy, and she never failed to give the faithful guardian of the public peace a "piece of her mind" that he never forgot. For while Betty was beloved by the schoolboys, Old Four Eyes was thoroughly hated.

## BRUSH AND HIS BOAT.

Among Aunt Betsy's neighbors was Old Brush, a sergeant of police, who, on his day off, was accustomed to take his old dog Towser, his old smooth-bore rifle "Long Tom," and his boat, and row up the East river to shoot sea gulls, meanwhile keeping a lookout for the river pirates, to whom his name was a terror.

It is tradition that when the sea gulls saw "Long Tom" pointed at them they came down gracefully; and when Old Brush was gathered to his fathers an enterprising poet sailed out to one of the buoys of the East River and fastened thereon an iron plate bearing this inscription:

Did never you hear of Old Ben Brush,  
He knew these waters well;  
He never raised his Old Long Tom  
But down a sea gull fell.

Years have passed since Old Brush retired from the scene of his early exploits and the sea gulls fly defiantly along the East River while their mortal enemy sleeps the sleep of the righteous in a Long Island village churchyard.

## CHAPTER XV.

## IN THE HIGHEST CLASS.

By strict attention to his studies, Jack Winthrop reached the "highest class." He was the smallest boy in his new sphere, but those disadvantages rendered him only more popular among the "big fellows." Not only had he a good record as a scholar but as a boxer his standard also was high. As he always knew his lessons he was of great service to those of his classmates who

didn't, many of whom had a habit of placing the book in front of them using the back of the pupil on the lower seat as a temporary desk. When this expedient failed they would look knowingly at Jack and he would whisper the proper answer to the teacher's question. Once in a while he was detected and punished, but generally his efforts were crowned with success. It happened once or twice that he was "boned on," but only once or twice, and he "polished off" the informer at the next recess in the most scientific manner. The master never seemed loath to apply the rod to Jack—in fact he appeared to delight in making an example of him. Jack never winced, even when the blows fell thickest, and his face never assumed a repentant expression. Still he was not an incorrigible youth by any means; he was simply a boy of spirit and impulse. Such boys frequently make the best men.

A winding stair led from the classroom to the garret, and this garret served as a place of refuge for the unruly scholars who loved mischief and play better than their studies. None but the dare devils of the school however ventured into this lofty retreat and when they did it was to defy the master. He always pursued the culprits to the foot of the ladder and then called out in a stentorian voice: "Come down you rascals." When not obeyed he would begin the perilous ascent but never got far, as his progress was interrupted by a storm of books, slates, dust pans, brushes, brooms, and other handy missiles under the fire of which he always beat a hasty retreat.

Still he always had his revenge. Come down they must, and come down they did, but not until after school was dismissed.

Their reception on such occasions was not warm but positively hot. Besides using the rod the master was very

fond of lecturing the boys on various thread-bare topics. On such occasions he would cross his shapely legs, lean back in his chair and talk in measured tones. Perhaps on no subject did he rise to such heights of eloquence as he did on the remorse a man feels for his sins. Such lectures were frequently brought to an abrupt end by the odor of cayenne pepper which some unknown person among his auditors had put on the hot stove.

Of course the perpetrators of this prank, when discovered, were rewarded in the usual way, and Jack was often of their number.

As time went on Jack advanced in the affections of his school fellows and received from them many honors. He was made a member of the base ball nine and figured prominently in all the games. At the same time he gave due attention to his studies and it was soon apparent that he was the brightest boy in the class. No study seemed hard to him. He answered all questions promptly and intelligently and the end of the term found him at the head of his class.

He had now reached the limit of a schoolboy's ambition.

## CHAPTER XVI.

### THE RIVAL SCHOOLS.

BETWEEN the schools of the east side of Manhattan Island a spirit of rivalry had long existed, and this feeling was by no means confined to the pupils, but was shared by the teachers as well. In all intellectual struggles the banner of Old 15 was ever in the front, and this fact did not make the existing state of affairs anything more pleasant.



It was near the close of a summer day, when Jack Winthrop, with Slim Jim and the young deacon, who were inseparable companions, came out of school and leisurely made their way homeward, each with his books under his arm.

They halted at the old pump, which, although not as beautiful as the fountains at Nuremberg, nevertheless had no equal in the world as far as the sweetness of its water was concerned. The pump was a landmark, and was closely associated with the old school and Woodruff's old willow in the schoolboy affections.

Jack took the pump-handle, which had had more ups and downs in its career than most men have, while the deacon prepared to drink, Jim holding the books of his companions. Not dreaming of harm, the three boys were suddenly attacked by three strange lads, one of whom attempted to drive the deacon from the pump. Jack thereupon interfered. He, too, was attacked. Jim, who was of a quiet disposition, submitted to indignities at first. But soon his blood began to boil. It seemed to him that the honor of the school was at stake. The insult must be resented. The strangers must be taught proper respect. He dropped the books, and after surveying the field for a moment with glittering eye, he rushed into the thickest of the fray. Fortune for a time proved fickle; now one side, now the other had the advantage. They fought from Parkhill's corner to the meat-shop, and in the struggle upset Uncle Davy's apple-stand and scattered his merchandise over the sidewalk. Soon the neighborhood was in an uproar. On all sides rose the cry, "A fight! a fight!" A crowd collected. The invaders paused for a moment; they recognized the crowd was inimical to them. They abandoned hope; they turned, they fled. Fear lent them

wings. Old Reynold's big mastiff, a mob of noisy urchins, and Old Four Eyes, the M. P., followed close at their heels. Never was rout more complete. Red Jailers retained possession of the corner, and tasted all the sweets of victory.

#### SLIM JIM'S FIGHT.

The affray only increased the bitter feeling already existing, and early next day a defiant message was sent to the boys, coupled with insulting illusions to their school, and challenging the boys from the Red Jail to produce their best man to try physical conclusions with the "Terror of Stagtown."

The challenge was accepted by the young deacon on behalf of Jim and the fight arranged to take place after school on the morrow.

Jim had never seen the "Stagtown Terror," who was to humble the pride of the boys from the "Island," and felt at first rather timid but at length concluded to meet his enemy, and if the banner of Old 15 was to go down it would not be without a struggle.

The coming fight was soon the leading topic and both sides resolved to muster their full strength at the ringside on the morrow. The best blood of Stagtown was boiling for revenge, and their admirers rallied from around Mount Pitt and the "Point o' the Hook," down to the old *Corporation* Yard and back to Tigertown, from whence they summoned their best and bravest. They spoke of not only wiping out the defeat at the pump but also the heroes of the old Dry Dock, the adherents of Old 15. They took a pretty heavy contract on their hands.

Meanwhile the followers of Jim were not idle. From Tompkins' Square to Leandert's place and down from

Battle Row they came in swarms; and around the Atlantic Forge and the Eagle Tavern, from the Sign of the Fox to Coleman's Corner, from the "Weary Wanderers" down to Johnny Muldoon's, nothing else was talked of but the coming battle. The Red Jailers sounded their war cry until it penetrated every nook and corner of the "Island"; while the spirit of Nat Parks was invoked to rouse from their slumbers the dwellers around the "Black Horse."

The messengers of Leonidas never labored more faithfully to summon the Spartans to Thermopylæ than did the faithful couriers of Old 15 to gather their hosts together.

Among the noble spirits who came to see fair play or know the reason why, were Little Bricktop, Shorty Long, Old Buster, and the Little Old Black Hen with Handy and other heroes, while Ginger and Young Buster brought up the Shin Bone Alley contingent. The cry of "cut behind" was unheard of that day at Aunty Brindle's corner and Aunty Chambers' cook shop was deserted and Aunt Betsy was left alone to wonder as to what had become of her boys as she called them and why they passed her door and hastened to the dock below. Aunt Betsy was soon informed of the battle at the pump by the participants therein and she resumed her work, remarking that she hoped no harm would befall Jim whom she considered one of her best boys. All the pupils in Old 15 were Aunt Betsy's boys as she loved to call them.

The scene of the battle was Fifth street dock near the saw pits and below the old wheel that stood in Smith & Dimon's. Strange to say the spot selected lay almost in full view of the Old Deacon's window while Ax-handle Smith, calmly surveyed the same from Skinny Beetle's

attic. Mangel's corner was deserted for the old spar shed and Beautiful "Snow" was sent to picket the river front to watch for Brush and his boat, while Old Buster sat on the fence to look out for Four Eyes. The "Young America," just launched, all decorated with flags lay at the pier and from her deck some of the fair daughters of Manhattan had a full view of the scene on the dock below.

It was an hour after school when the principals arrived at the battle ground. The ring was soon formed and Jim shied his castor, followed by Jack Winthrop and the young deacon as seconds. Stagtown's champion was not far behind with Curly Bob and the Fiddler's son to look after his interests. The Blacksmith's son was chosen referee and the noisy partisans of each drew aside and the fight began.

The Stagtown Terror was a stout, well-dressed, handsome lad while Jim was thin as a rail and his dress was anything but the pink of neatness. He looked about him with a smile of confidence which assured his followers that he would not be the first to back down.

#### FIRST ROUND.

The Terror was the first to begin, but missed a well-intended blow at Jim's right optic. The latter retreated, waiting for an opening, but the Terror was not to be caught. He fought his antagonist all around the ring, and sent him to earth with a terrific right-hander which brought dismay to the Red Jailers and cheers from Stagtown's admirers.

#### SECOND ROUND.

The pale face of the deacon betrayed anxiety as he whispered to his principal. Jim was hardly on his feet

when the impetuous Terror rushed madly at him. Jim retreated and drew his opponent after him.

The sun was going down over the mold loft, and Jim was playing with the Terror so as to get the sun in his eyes. The heedless boy from Stagtown fell into the trap. "Now, Jim," cried the deacon, as Jim let go both hands at his rival's pretty face, raining blow after blow with terrible effect, and closed with him.

Stagtown tried to break away, but Jim held him in a vise, amid shouts of "Punch him under," "Go in, Red Head," "Let him up," "Fair play," and other words of encouragement. The Terror at last broke from Jim and rushed in, head down, but was met by an upper cut from Old 15's left duke which almost doubled him up. Notwithstanding this rebuke Stagtown rushed in, they clinched, and, after a fearful struggle, both fell together, Old 15 on top.

#### THIRD ROUND.

Stagtown hearts were broken as the Terror appeared at the scratch. His handsome face was terribly battered, and when the deacon ordered Jim to go in and finish him, a burly fellow from Stagtown rushed at the deacon to strike him. At this, "Handy" shook his finger at the interloper, who tried to get away, but not until Little Bricktop gave him a kick in the shin that sent him away bellowing. Jim rushed at the Terror and threw him.

#### FOURTH ROUND.

When "time" was called, the Terror was unable to respond and Jim was declared the winner amid a cheer that was plainly heard at the school-house, and convinced Aunt Betsy that the banner of Old 15 was still in the ascendant. The scene that followed beggars description.

What promised to be a free fight all around was prevented by shouts of "Lay low," as Brush and his boat appeared at the pier. To add to their consternation old "Four Eyes" hove in sight, and the crowd scattered in every direction. The Terror was hidden away in the saw-pit, and Jim, in trying to rescue young Buster, was himself nabbed by "Four Eyes" and taken before Old Fussy at Union market, where, after a lecture on the enormity of his offense, he was discharged from custody.

## CHAPTER XVII.

### AFTER THE BATTLE.

LONG before school opened next morning the pupils gathered under the old willow to talk over the events of the previous day and to greet the hero of the school. When he appeared they raised a shout that would have been flattering even to Cæsar. All claimed him as their hero, even the little primary scholars.

There were no absentees that day in school and the familiar excuse—here—late—with a note was not heard. The "late" monitor's occupation was gone for the time being and the large and unusual attendance delighted the master and his assistants. A pleasant smile pervaded the master's features as he took the Good Book in hand and read one of the most hopeful and inspiring chapters. Never was he in a better mood and never was his manner more affable when he dismissed the scholars to their classrooms.

The doors had hardly closed upon the scholars when the stillness of the main room was broken by the appearance

of a fashionably attired lady who approached the master's desk accompanied by a stout well-dressed lad whose head and face seemed as if they had recently been in dispute with a battering ram. A look of surprise came over the face of the master as he gazed upon his visitors and listened to the lady's story.

He immediately summoned Jim. The latter arose from his seat and hastened to the master's desk. Great was his surprise when he saw the lady and he was not slow in coming to the conclusion that there was mischief in the air. The master's face was a perfect cloud of indignation as he repeated to Jim the lady's complaint and sternly asked him what he had to say for himself.

Jim told his story in a straightforward, manly way, not departing from the truth in the smallest particular. When he finished the master exclaimed :

"I am grieved, surprised, shocked, greatly shocked, sir. I must see your parents in school. At this point the fashionably attired lady arose, and with a scornful look at Jim, withdrew, greatly pleased with the attention shown her and her son and bearing with her a very high opinion of the master of Old 15.

The master, who had bowed his visitors out at the door, returned to the desk where Jim was standing. Now, sir, said he, "Go home and do not return without your parents." For a moment Jim could not move or speak ; the tears sprang to his eyes and his lips trembled. At last he so far mastered his emotions that he was able to say : "My father was killed at the fire on the Hill and mother died only last winter."

The still indignant master replied : "Go back to your seat and see to it that you are here punctually to-morrow morning. I shall then have something to say to you."

Jim turned to leave the room. His heart was heavy. Injustice had been done him. At this moment the visitor's door opened and in walked

DOCTOR M.

This high-minded man was one of the school-officers, and an eminent physician, widely-known for his high character, and elected again and again by his fellow citizens to be a school trustee.

The manner of Jim had impressed the master's mind with misgivings, and he subsequently told Doctor M. what had recently transpired.

The Doctor listened intently to the master's explanation, and Jim was again summoned. His appearance greatly surprised the Doctor, who surveyed him from head to foot, and questioned him closely regarding his part in the recent exciting events. "Could I see your parents, my lad?" he asked.

When Jim told the Doctor that he had neither father nor mother, the noble-hearted school official paused for a moment and said: "Dry your tears, my boy, and return to your class. If you are wrong you must seek another school. If in the right, depend upon it you will have justice. I shall inquire further into this matter, said Dr. M. Call at my office after school is dismissed; I would like to have a talk with you."

Jim returned to his class and Doctor M. shortly after left the school, stopping at the door of the shanty where Aunt Betsy sat quietly knitting



## CHAPTER XVIII.

## NEXT DAY.

IMMEDIATELY after the reading of the morning chapter, Jim was summoned to the master's desk. If the object in view was to disgrace Jim it failed at the outset, for when he reached the desk and was ordered to face his school-mates, he turned around proudly and looked into their faces manfully, conscious that he had been guilty of naught which might bring a blush of shame to the cheek of any of his associates.

At that moment the room would have rung with cheers had his classmates dared to give vent to their feelings. But the severe frown of the master showed plainly that any such outburst would have ended disastrously. But though silent they evidently sympathized with Jim. They showed it in their faces. They felt he had acted like a hero.

At this instant the visitor's door opened and Doctor M., accompanied by other school officers, entered. The scholars were sent to their rooms, Jim remaining in front of the desk.

After a few words with the master, Doctor M. directed Jim to be returned to his class, adding furthermore that as the affair which ended so disastrously for the "Terror" had occurred after school hours and outside of the school territory, he saw no ground for interference by any school authority and ended by observing that he considered Jim a noble lad, in which opinion he was sustained by Mr. S., a prominent ship-builder, who remarked that had he been placed in a similar position to Jim, he might have acted in the same manner.

## CHAPTER XIX.

A FEW months after the events just narrated, Jim retired from the school. His poverty hastened his departure and he determined to seek employment.

He told Aunt Betsy of his determination, and she entered immediately into his feelings. As he had nothing now to do, she prevailed on him to be her assistant. He soon became so necessary to the good old woman that she took him under her roof and gave him shelter. He became a clean and manly lad and soon the little shop and shanty underwent a marked change for the better.

## CHAPTER XX.

## A DAY OF SORROW.

THE life of Slim Jim had never been bright and happy, but now a change in his fortunes seemed to have taken place. Aunt Betsy treated him as a son and bestowed on him all those little attentions that fill the recipient's heart with joy and thankfulness. With every passing day, he loved her more and tried to show his gratitude for all that she was doing for him.

## DEATH OF AUNT BETSY.

It was a stormy night in midwinter, and scarcely a living thing could be seen on the streets. Within old Betsy's shanty a sad and solemn scene was being enacted. At the bedside of his adopted mother sat Slim Jim of Old 15.

He smoothed her pillow with his boyish hands. Now and then he bent over her and kissed her tenderly on her wrinkled brow or withered cheeks. A smile of peace lit up her face. The sad hours moved on and at the break of day Aunt Betsy passed from earth to her home in Paradise.

After her funeral, which was attended by a host of her young friends of Old 15, Slim Jim disappeared and the old shanty remained tenantless.

## CHAPTER XXI.

MANY of the older pupils of Old 15 retired from the school after the exciting scenes just narrated, and Jack Winthrop became more than ever devoted to his books. In the next winter's examination he was selected to take a part when McCoy's great class carried the banner of Old 15 once more to victory, and showed their envious rivals what Old 15 could do.

He had mastered the adverbs, had history and astronomy at his finger ends, and geography by heart. He waded through the rule of three, cube and square root and quadratics, and made such rapid progress that his admission to college was looked upon as a certainty. Gradually a change became apparent in the conduct of the singular scholar. His standing at school was being lowered. His lessons were not as perfect as usual and it was feared that his effort to get into college would fail. Let it fail, was Jack Winthrop's thought. He now had a far more engrossing ambition. In a word—he was in love.

## MARY OF THE BELL.

T'was many and many a year ago  
 In a kingdom by the sea,  
 That a maiden there lived whom you might know  
 By the name of Annabel Lee.  
 And this maiden she lived with no other thought,  
 But to love and be loved by me.

She was a child and I was a child  
 In this kingdom by the sea,  
 And we loved with a love that was more than love,  
 I and my Annabel Lee.  
 With a love that the winged seraphs of heaven,  
 Coveted her and me.

—EDGAR A. POE.

In a neat white cottage midway between the Old Mechanics' bell-tower and the school there lived a venerable man the father of a large family. He was honored by his fellow men for his high character, for his kindly disposition and for his many charities, and he went to his grave leaving behind him that which is better than great riches—a good name.

In those days the East side was the most flourishing quarter of the Empire City. Great ships lined the wharves, the impress of zeal, industry and perseverance was everywhere apparent. Wagons and trucks were constantly coming and going. Everyone was busy.

The schools were many and well attended, the scholars being for the most part the children of the mechanic and artisan. Everyone rose with the sun. Hardly less important than the sun was the old bell.

To the older residents the old bell was an object of veneration. It rang at morning, noon and eve and regulated the hours of labor of the honest sons of toil.

It rang for liberty and equality. It rang the old year out and the new year in. It rang on days of joy and tolled

in days of sorrow. It regulated not only the hours of labor for the workingman, but laid special stress on the parts of the day most momentous to the school children.

Among the school girls was one little creature the brightest in her set, the child of the venerable man already spoken of. Her pretty face and winning manners made her a universal favorite, and it is hardly to be wondered at that she played sad havoc with the susceptible hearts of the noble youths by whom she was surrounded.

To this little cherub the old bell was an object of the most sincere affection. Daily, with her school-books in her satchel, she passed the quaint old tower wherein the old relic hung, always skipping merrily along and warbling a plaintive air. Her singular behavior won for her the appellation of **MARY OF THE BELL**.

Mary was her father's favorite child, and though bred in a school of refinement, still she never felt so happy as when, laying aside her books and taking a basket in her hand, she mingled among the little chip gatherers, whose social condition was so inferior to her own.

In a neighboring cottage the parents of Jack Winthrop resided, and Mary and the son of her neighbor's soon became acquainted. Jack, as already stated, was preparing for college, and it was doubtless thought that the gentle influence of Mary would be of great assistance in enabling him to reach it. Strange to say, it had the opposite effect.

To the heart of Jack Winthrop the ship-yards possessed a strange interest. He loved to linger at the old mill and watch Frank Ferry drive his planing machine, and Axe-handle Smith in his workshop.

To his ears the chimes of the old bell were sweeter than the chimes of all the bells in creation. He was born in its shadow and grew up from infancy cheered by its music,

and little dreamed that the day would come when he might stand in the breach and save it from destruction, when many of its noble founders would sleep beneath the willow.

Mary, as she grew older, was beautiful, bright, and gentle, and naturally Jack was not long in falling a victim to her fascinations. Almost from the first moment of their acquaintance the two were inseparable, and many an old head, when they passed, nodded wisely, as much as to say, "'Tis the old, old story."

It was a pleasant summer afternoon, and crowds of chippies swarmed around the gateways of the ship-yards. "Mary of the Bell" was there among them. She had already filled her basket and was hastening home. Weary of her burden, she sat down a few yards from the bell. While resting, a burly fellow came along, and deliberately proceeded to rob her of her store.

Mary defended her property, but the brute, being the stronger of the two and insensible to her tears, turned and marched away with his plunder.

Just then Winthrop appeared on the scene, and took in the situation at a glance. Jack was inferior in size to his opponent, but he nevertheless demanded the return of the chips. The ruffian refused and squared himself for fight. Jack, boiling with indignation, rushed at him, and by a well-directed blow laid him at his feet. The spectators applauded. Totally unmindful of their approval, he quietly proceeded to fill the basket, and wiping away the tears that ran down the cheeks of his idol, he took her hand in his and led her to the gate of her father's cottage, where he bade her good-bye.

From that moment Jack was the greatest hero in Mary's eyes that the world had ever produced. Their affection

for each other was tender, sincere, beautiful, and would doubtless have been lasting all through their lives had not the good angels, a few weeks after the scene just described, taken Mary to her Father in heaven.

No words can describe the sorrow of Jack—sorrow cannot be described; it can only be felt.

## CHAPTER XXII.

BEREFT of the companionship of the best-loved of his old schoolmates and the society of Mary of the Bell, Jack turned once more for consolation to his books. He became studious and attentive and daily recovered lost ground, and with a heroic determination to succeed, he passed a successful examination for college, and having been duly admitted, was ordered to report at the college at the close of the summer vacation.

### THE LAST DAY.

There had been many sad days in Jack Winthrop's school life, but the last was the saddest of them all. In that old school he spent ten years of his life, and there was not a stone in its foundation but had for him pleasant memories. Few, if any, of his early companions were left to bid him farewell, and all his old teachers save one had long since bidden adieu to the school. He listened intently to the last reading of the Scriptures, and spent the few remaining hours arranging for his departure. At recess he took little Jim for a stroll through the school-yard, and visited the primary to mark the many changes there, after which he delivered up his books to the master, and his name was erased from the roll. Meeting Uncle

Ben, the janitor, at the foot of the stairway, he bade him an affectionate adieu. The good old man's eyes were filled with tears as he extended his hand. "Good-bye, my lad," said he. "Be as good a boy in college as you were in Old 15, and we will not be ashamed of you." Clasp ing him to his bosom while the warm tears trickled down his cheeks, he again muttered, "Good-bye, and God bless you, and think often of Uncle Ben." And with these words the two friends parted at the school-door. Jack Winthrop was no longer a pupil in Old 15.

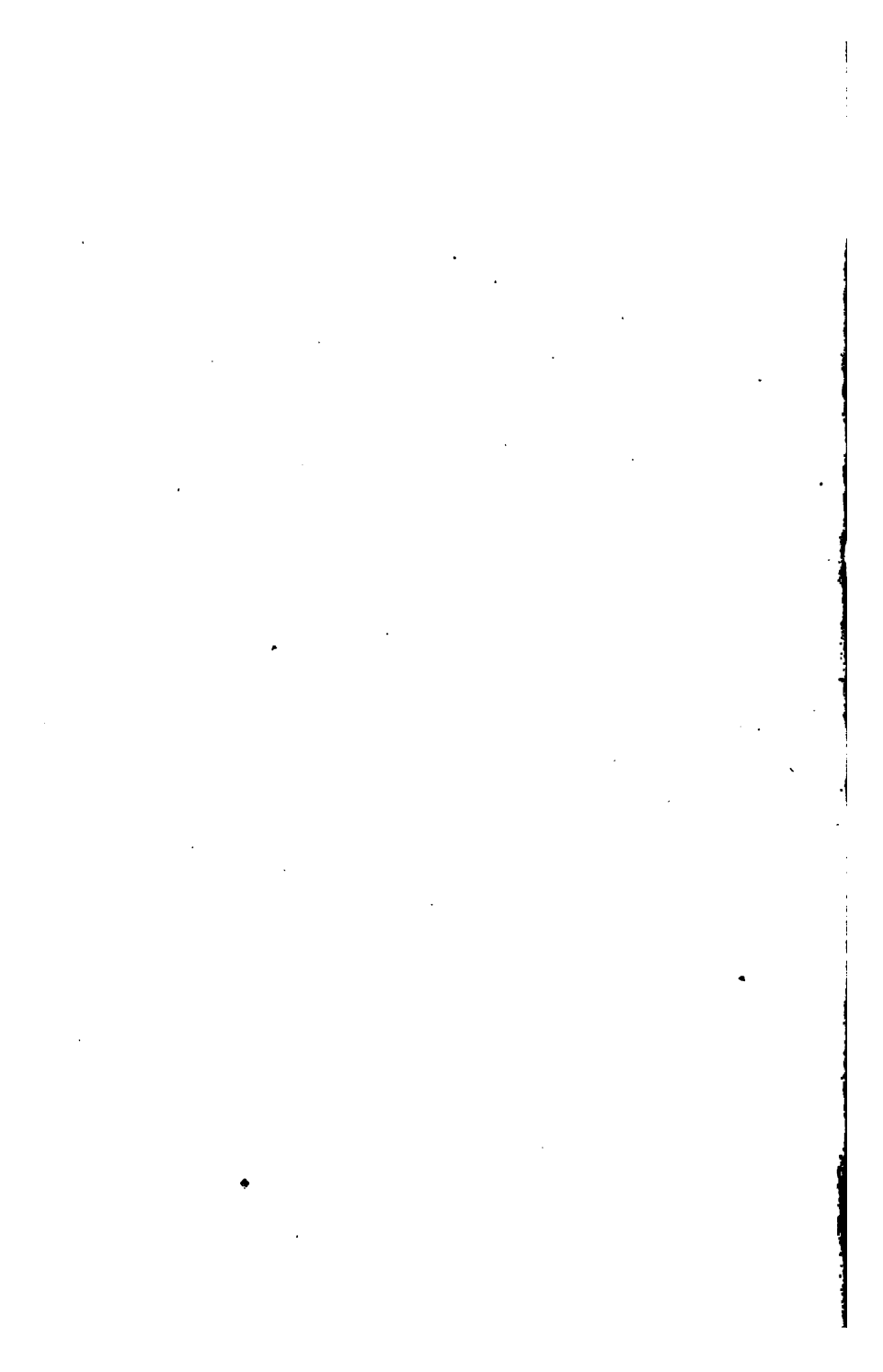
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